Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,
So long a growing and so leasurely,
That if this were a rule he should be gracious.
Car. Why Maddam, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too but yet let Mothers doubt,
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles grace a flout, (mine.
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my pietty *Yorke*: I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust, at two houres old,
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a pritty iest.
Dut. I pray thee pritty *Yorke*, who told thee so?
Yor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy, go too thou art too shrewd,
Car. Good Maddam be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers hath eares. *Enter Dorset,*
Car. Heere comes your sonne, Lord Marques, *Dorset,*
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes my Lord, as griues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well Maddam, and in health:
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Gray*, are sent to *Pomfret*,
With them Sir Thomas *Vaughan*, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The Mighty Dukes *Gloceſter* and *Buckingham*.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our House,
The Tiger now hath seazd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyranny begins to iet.

Vpon

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death, and massacre,
I see as in a Map the end of all.
Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the Crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost,
For me to ioy and weepe were gaine and losse,
And being seated and domesticke broyles
Cleane ouerblowne, themselues the conquerours
Make war vpon themselues, blood against blood,
Selfe against selfe, O prepostrous
And franticke outrage, end the damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Qu. Come come, my boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Dut. Ile goe along with you.
Qu. You haue no cause.
Car. My gracious Lady, goe.
And thither beare your treasure and your goods.
For my part, ile resigne vnto your grace,
The seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all yours:
Come, ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.
The Trumpets sound. Enter young Prince, Duke
Gloceſter, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.
Buc. Welcome sweet Prince to London, to your
Glo. Welcome sweet Cosen, my thoughts sower
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prin. No Vncle, but our crosses on the way,
Hath made it teadious, wearysome and heauy,
I want more Vncles here to welcome me,
Glo. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your
Haue not yet dined into the worlds deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he know
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:
Those vncles which you want were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their sugred words,
But lookt not on the poyson of their hearts: